

The OTTEEN

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19
PUBLISHED AT AZALEA, NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. I, No. 2

SATURDAY, Nov. 16



"ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER"

NURSES

We are fully prepared now
to equip you with complete
regulation

Street Uniforms

Including Waists, Skirts and
Hats. Come in today and
be fitted with the things you
need.

McGRAW'S
18 Patton Avenue

The OTEEN

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Vol. I

Saturday, November 16, 1918

No. 2

If your mirror be broken, look into still water; but have a care that you do not fall in.—*Hindu Proverb*.

The mirror of German mentality—quality of mind—has been broken—destroyed. Germany looked into the still water, but, being over-anxious to see more, fell in.

At first Allied eyes were blinded by the shining mirror, by the glistening pool. Then we grew accustomed to the light from the mirror of false reflections. We soon learned that the pool was no longer still water.

Now our zeal has been recognized by success at arms. The mirror has been crumbled into small bits. Our spirits are buoyed up by ever increasing gains, our enemy has plunged into the pool. Our hope has been realized by victory.

Are we yet done?

Until every bit of this mirror, reflecting world domain, selfish gain by butchery and slaughter, is cleaned away, until every ripple of this circle of false promises has melted into the bosom of the pool—until that time our work is not done.

Coming to us now, in ever increasing numbers, will be those who were injured by the flying fragments of this shattered mirror. Returning homeward will be numbers whose health was sacrificed in the struggle to demolish this falsely reflecting instrument of intrigue.

Until the wounds of these men are healed, until the invalided ones are returned to health, we are not done.

Again we have before us a mirror, reflecting inviting pictures of home, life of a normal routine, a before-the-war existence. This mirror must be broken. It will shortly cast glaring reflections of discontent, of

dissatisfaction, it will blind our eyes to the duties before us.

We must be careful not to fall in the pool, reflecting false desires and disobedience.

I am trying to impress upon you, Mr. Reader, that morale has succeeded in crumbling this falsely reflecting mirror of Germany into millions of fragments. I am trying to show you that morale was the one vital factor in causing Germany to lose her foothold and plunge madly into the pool of dissolution.

You must know that a continuation of this same morale is absolutely necessary to clean away the fragments of broken mirror, to wait until the bosom of the pool is again smooth.

You must know that the reflections from the mirror of dissatisfaction now before us must not blind us. Rather we must crush this mirror, also.

Zeal, hope, determination, obedience—these are elements of morale. These are the instruments with which we can shatter the mirror of discontent.

No, our work is far from done, and many reflections, many glaring lights of temptation may blind us temporarily. So let us shatter the mirrors reflecting temptations of any sort, and when your mirror is broken, look into the still water and see there reflected duty, contentment, determination. There in the now smooth pool you can see reflected superior morale.



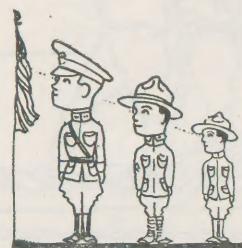
The Army is an ever constant process of looking up. Every live man of us in the ranks looks up to our officers, our generals, our commander-in-chief, our flag, our country. In this new democratic army we have merged all differences of caste, the only requirement of entrance being the ability and promise of being a good soldier. The climb up is limitless.

Lincoln said God loved the army privates because so many of them were made—and they were the backbone of any Army.

The Army being dependent on good discipline for its existence knows that the more impersonally discipline is enforced the better will be the result. Marshal Foch, commanding the Allied Forces, and the guiding spirit in this splendid victory, has climbed to his niche of undying fame by years of adherence to the principle of looking up—and ahead.

Be it our fortune to be ranked as generals or line privates the personality of every man is welded into the soul of the Army, which, expressed in our forces, is the true spirit of looking up toward victory—which

is now in our hands.



respect

The mantle of charity thrown over the struggling artist in the Wild West, when a sign was posted in the Ballroom reading, "Don't be too hard on the pianist—he's doing the best he knows how," can well be applied to those endeavoring to get out successful issues of The Oteen. We are growing in size—we're now a 28-pager! Many of the boys complain there was a lack in the first issue of the "fellow to fellow" stuff—and too much high-brow. There has been few complaints from the "high-brows"—so we are trying to loosen up a bit. For all that, we want a better high class representation all round. Many of you men in the wards are able to do much—and why not? Three of the surgeons have responded nobly—the balance are nil in contributions.

Do your own sheet proud—and show you are not ashamed of The Oteen, by filling it with worthwhile material. You need an A-1 camp paper—make it that—we're doing our best—please do your part—it's up to you!

OFFICIAL

BULLETIN / ORDERS

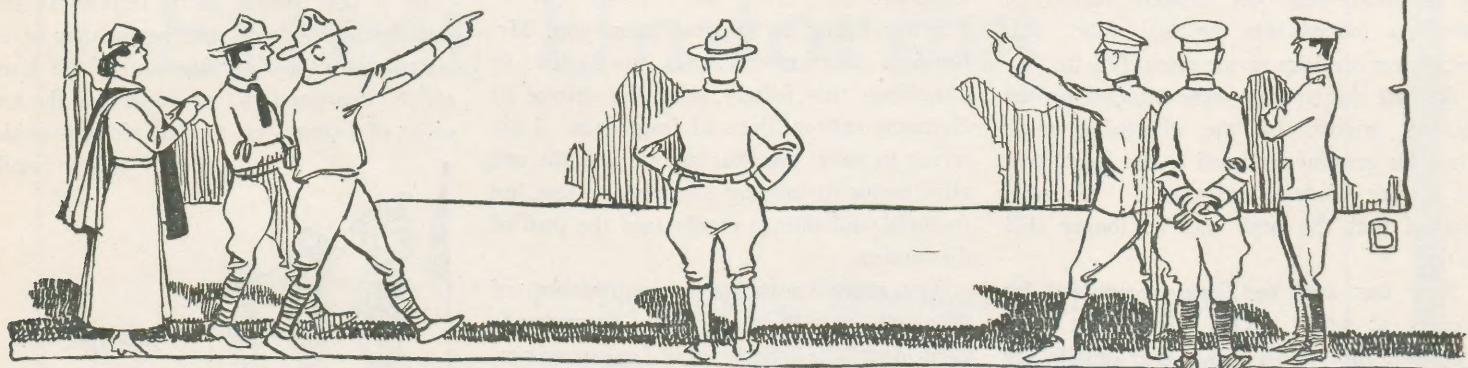
Until further notice, daily drills will be discontinued.

Retreat will be held at 5:00 p.m. daily. Every member of the Detachment is ordered to be present unless specially excused by the Detachment Commander.

Special Order 106.—November 8, 1918.

1. In compliance with Circular 54, War Department, dated November 5th, 1918, and Special Regulations 42, Changes No. 4, 1918, Corps insignia in chevrons will be worn only by non-commissioned officers holding grades above Sergeants, First Class. Sergeants First Class, Sergeants and Corporals will wear the ordinary chevrons of their grade without the addition of any Corps insignia.
2. Insignia thus removed, if fit for further use, will be turned in to the Quartermaster Corps to be reissued as insignia for Privates First Class.

Lectures will be given to the Detachment Medical Department scheduled for the week beginning Saturday, November 16th, 1918; Captain Townsend on "Reconstruction," November 18th and 19th, 1918.



SEEING IT THROUGH

BY PVT. DANIEL MURPHY
A Narrative of His Year and a Half in the Warring Territory

My experiences have been that of many another lad, though no two have had experiences in common. It was just a few days after war had been declared and the little staid town of my birth in Massachusetts were busy getting a part of a regiment together for immediate service. The fever got me, as it did every other lad with any red blood, and on that bright May morning a year and a half ago I volunteered for what might come. I was just as anxious as any other to get a part of the Kaiser's scalp. We had a few days of intensive training, to fit us to properly march out of our Armory to the train—with our heads up—because the being dispatched for immediate service from our home town was no easy task.

Our short period of training over we at last boarded the troop train, and after the usual two hours of "army waiting" we start-

ed on the greatest and most serious mission of our young lives. Our movement was made with very little commotion, and few of our home folks knew of our departure, and it was well because many of us were at the breaking point—and the emptiness of our farewell caught us deeply. Instead of the old town band to get us off merrily, and the home folks to shed our last tear with—we were just bundled into those poor man's pullmans and ordered to have our shades drawn. It wasn't long before every one of us had our little peek holes cut in the shade—for the last view of our old native all of us—some of the first men to fall for state and never did we love it so much. In the hours from Westfield to Montreal we were able to get better acquainted and in the rubbing of arms in those hours many friendships were made that will hold for the years to come—many of them are cinched by the typical little army cross of wood—marking the grave of one of our regular fellows—now dear in the hearts of the cause into which we were putting our lives.

An impressive moment came to us as we passed over the largest span in the world—the bridge at Montreal—separating us from our own native country—and then we begin to realize the seriousness of our mission—the separation from the country of the Red, White and Blue—but we bucked each other up, and gave three wild cheers for the U. S. A., and it was everyone's wish that we soon hit back on our native soil—and victorious.

We were given a last few hours at Montreal, and what else would a group of boys do but go to the best hostelry we could find—and have one last layout—and the good-bye toast to those back home—whom we knew were counting on us from that time on. Our "shore leave" up we boarded the transport which you would all know were I to tell its name—and which in the after months carried thousands of "The First Army" to within hitting distance of the Front. This ocean "hound" a year after we made our first trip was sunk by a

(Continued on page 18)



A.N.C. CHAT

Two new nurses are with us in Barracks No 2: Miss Paxton, of Lynchburg, Va., and Miss Patton, of St. Louis, Mo.



We wish to express here our appreciation of the bi-weekly use of the ambulance. That ride to Sunset Mountain was a glorious one and the bus is surely a help in bringing "shopping" home.



The uniform begins to arrive. Hats are here.



Misses Moffatt, Chrisman, Butler, Dutweiler, Curl, Wakefield, Smith and Brown were entertained at the Bandana Tea Room, guests of Miss Drummond at dinner one day last week.



Wards I-5, I-6, and I-4, also W-1 and W-2, have received top-notch rating at C O. inspection. Ward I-5 now asks: "Did our ice-cream melt on its way from the Post Exchange?" and adds, "We are still waiting."



A headless hat; a hatless head.
Miss Ownbey! 'Nuff said.



The piano, the gift of the Red Cross, has arrived and comes as a boon to many of the nures whose off-duty time will be cheered with its music. The victrola has made dancing a popular pastime once again, and the assembly room suggests a dancing class.



"The hours I *cannot* spend with thee—
Oh, bitter loss!
But since you're married anyway,
Why such a fuss?"



Someone said we couldn't turn out a real page—we're growing—and watch us "produce" next week!

—J.V.L.



First Nurse—"Which would you rather be, a Colonel with a chicken on your shoulder, or a Private with a chicken on your knee?"

Second Nurse—"I would rather be the chicken."

—M.D.K.

We added our share to the general enthusiasm and noise when the great news came. What it means to us personally will appear later but just now the joy and thankfulness which we share with all women of all lands is something never to be forgotten. Some remind us that they "inherited" this marvelous ending some time ago tho of course they meant to celebrate in France.



The Red Cross Building is open and we "moved in" by unpacking furniture for several hours on Friday. The opening party will be announced in a few days.



Two new nurses are with us this week, Misses Straight and Harley, while Mrs. De Long and her party, Misses Harrison, Elder Korb and Daniels, have come "back home" after a two weeks' fight with the "Flu" at Camp Polk, Raleigh, N. C. Anyone desiring knowledge of the causes and effects of said "Flu" call at the Infirmary, where is conducted a valuable Bureau of Information between the hours of 7:00 p.m. and 7:00 a.m.



Miss Standish announces that she "will not" make a speech but obeys orders gracefully and we are proud of her.



It has been a pleasure to meet Mrs. Morris, Matron of the Men's Red Cross Building, at table. The Camp Librarian, Miss Gregory, will also be a member of our family.

AT THE RED CROSS DANCE

"His heart throbs Eisele."



He—"You dance as though you were an old-timer."

She—"I am but not in the sense you mean."



I wonder if we could get Payne's Orchestra?

Where do you get pains?

Almost anywhere.



"Four dances with the same partner!"
An interesting "Case."



"Do we all like to dance?"
Opportunity alone can answer.

THE WEEK'S BIGGEST DAY

SATURDAY, NOV. 9TH

Line Inspection.

Eggs for Breakfast.

Hospital Inspection by the Commanding Officer.

One Case of Flu.

Chevrons Are Relieved of Corps Emblems.

We Lose Football Game by Close Score.
They get Lieutenant White for a pair of \$30.00 Boots.

Not a Fight in the Guard House.

M.P.'s in Town.

Peace Council of Non-Coms.

Movies at Patients' Mess.

Funcheon's in Again.

Four of our Motor Trucks stuck on the Road.

Our Nurses hold a Social Evening at the Red Cross Building.

Corporal Flynn Receives Decoration of Valor.

Kaiser Abdicates.

—E.L.

BOOKS YOU SHOULD READ

Speaking of Operations—Lowenthal.

Popular Mechanics—Ruff.

Burning Daylight—Nobles.

Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl—Mendelson.

Arms and the Girl—Feldherr.

The Great Lover—Dell.

Dere Mable—Heyman.

Ten Nights in a Barroom by Funcheon.
54-40 or Fight—Flynn.

I am the King—Klingensteine.

Black Beauty—Ella Rhoades.

Sherlock Holmes—Englander.

The Music Master—Sontag.

The Man Between—Sgt. Mindheim.

How to Become an Actor—Hornik.

The Reason Why—Idono.

My Four Years in the Artillery—Kahn.

—E.L.

Some of the detachment men seem to know all the notes, but they just can't dance.



Every once in a while we see a nurse down town wearing sensible clothing.



About one more ad. in The Oteen and there would be no more room for filler.



Eats would not be so bad if they served what you are used to.



Some soldiers ascend in the ranks by diligent work; others go to Azalea.

EDITORIAL

To the Patients of General Hospital No. 19

The present war is over. There is another war, however, which is not over: the war against disease. It is just as deadly and to some of you it means that you will have to fight as hard as though you were or had been in the front line trench. War always means fighting and the paramount aim of the War Department has been to put as many available men and as much ammunition in the front line of France as it was possible; but during the time of active warfare, our Government went further than that: It has spent and is spending millions of dollars in this country for the care of the sick soldier.

In previous wars, men who were not able to fight were discharged and left to shift for themselves. After the war was over everybody was discharged, whether they were well or ill. In this war, your Government has not only taken care of you during the active warfare, but has spent all this money in order to care for you after the war is over and to restore you to as high a degree of health as is possible.

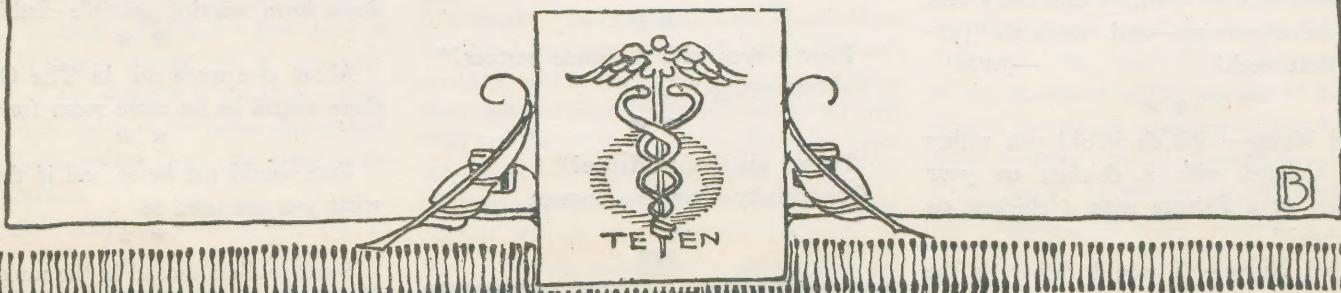
Some of you are here because you broke down in the service of your country. Others had incipient disease before you ever came into the Army and for which the Army is not responsible, but it treats you all alike. You are sick; you wear the uniform, consequently you are taken care of. The Government has gone even further than that: Through the Reconstruction Division of the Surgeon General's Office, it is spending thousands of dollars supplying men, materials and buildings, conducting classes in education in order to keep your minds and hands busy as an aid to your cure, and while you are being cured you have the opportunity to learn various trades and vocations, so that when you go back to civilian life, you will be better able to earn your living in an occupation that will help you to stay cured.

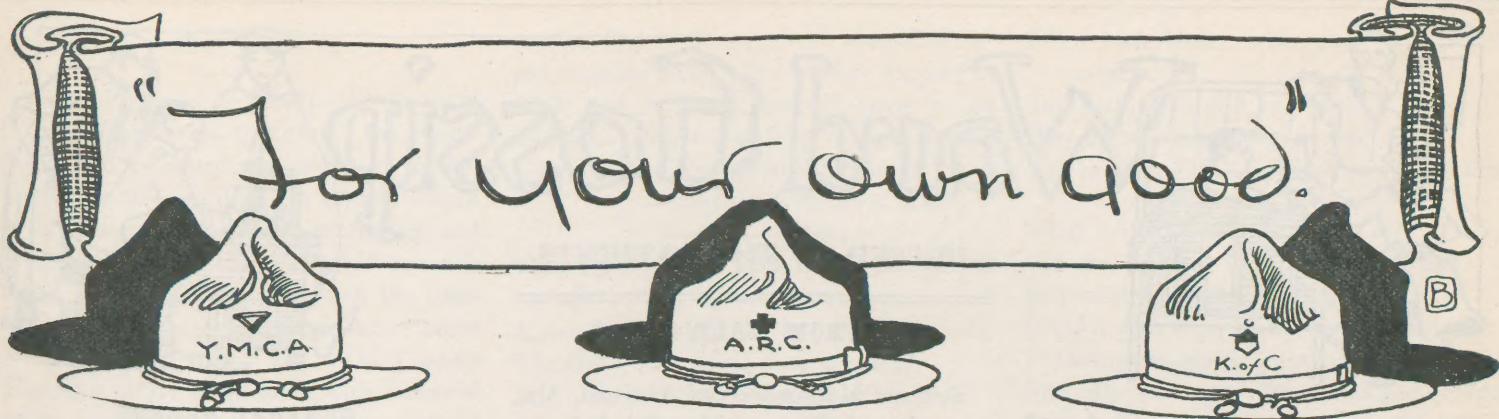
One of the efforts of the staff of this Hospital is to make your stay here as short as possible. Co-operate with them. Make every day count. By playing the game you can shorten your stay by weeks. Space is limited. Many men are waiting to come to this Hospital. Give these boys a chance too. As soon as the staff is sure of your physical condition and knows that you can go back into civilian life and be self-supporting citizens, you will either be transferred into limited or active service in the Army or be discharged.

Do not forget while in this Hospital you wear the uniform of the United States Army and are subject to its regulations and discipline. You can still help your country. You are still soldiers. Be good ones. Play the game!

HENRY W. HOAGLAND

LT. COL. M.C., U.S.A.
COMMANDING





Y.M.C.A. WORK

The great United War Work Drive for the raising of \$170,500,000 for seven organizations engaged in welfare work among our soldiers at home and overseas, including the Y.M.C.A., K. of C., Jewish Welfare Board, Salvation Army, American Library Association, War Camp Community Service, and Young Women's Christian Association, was appointed by President Wilson to take place during the present week. As to the Y.M.C.A.'s interest in this campaign, Mr. Geo. W. Perkins says:

"The work of the Y.M.C.A. in France has grown by leaps and bounds in the last three months, because of the largely increased number of our men who have been sent over there.

"We have spent a great many more millions than our last year's Campaign netted us, to further the work among the boys abroad. We have borrowed much on the assurance the American people would be as liberal in this Campaign as in the last. The boys over there have risked much for us—we can do no more than contribute liberally for their comfort in the weeks and months to come."

The secretaries at Azalea will be glad to receive contributions and pledges for this fund from all friends of these four great organizations at our Hospital No. 19. Remember that while the war is practically over, it will be more than a year at least before our armies are demobilized, and this period will call for even larger effort on the part of these various organizations, as the boys will have more leisure and opportunity for entertainment. The joy of our victory should inspire us to spare nothing that it is possible for us to do for the boys who have done so much to save our civilization and freedom.

—DR. JACKSON.

RED CROSS NOTES

Mrs. John Morris, of Asheville, has been appointed Matron and Housekeeper of the Red Cross House, at G. H. No. 19. Mrs. Morris will live in the House when it is finished, and have charge of its care. She is on the job every day now and ready to help the boys in any way she can.



Miss Winifred Gregory has been sent to G. H. No. 19 by the American Library Association, to take charge of the Hospital Library work and the distribution of books and magazines. Miss Gregory can be found at the Red Cross House, where she will have her headquarters, and where she has already established a library of books for use by the patients.



The Red Cross Nurses' Home, built by the A.R.C. for the use of the Nurses, is practically furnished and is already in use. The Convalescent House is complete except for the steam heat, and it is expected this will be installed this week.



The *Red Cross* belongs to *you*.
It is *not* a Charity Organization.
You needn't be ashamed to deal with it.

President Wilson is President of it.
The Secretaries of War and Navy and other members of the Cabinet are members of it.

More than 22,000,000 American Citizens are members of it.

It exists to *serve you and yours*.

If you are worried about *mother*, or *wife*, or *children*, or *business*, or *anything "back home"*—it doesn't matter what — come to the *Red Cross*; it will help you, and do it quickly.

It won't *cost you anything*, and it will be a pleasure to serve you.

K. OF C. CLUB HOUSE NOW READY

While the K. of C. Secretaries were erecting a new electric sign on the roof of the building, two colored patients happened to be passing, and being somewhat in a quandry as to what "K.C." meant, they called to one of the Secretaries upon the roof, asking him the meaning.

The Secretary replied, "Why, don't you know?" The darkey scratched his head, and after a moment's deliberation replied, "Sure, Boss, Ah knows, don't that mean 'Kaiser Chaser?'"

— ★ —

WELCOME AND FREE

Everyone is welcome,
And everything is free;
The door is never fastened,
We have thrown away the key.
If you're fighting for the Allies,
On land or on the sea,
You're a lad who's always welcome
'Neath the letters K. C.

Your birthplace doesn't matter—
Britain, France or Italy,
U.S.A. or any other
Of the allied twenty-three—
It's enough that you are fighting,
That the whole world may be free,
And we're proud to have you enter
'Neath the letters K. C.

The creed that you're professing
Is a subject that will be
Taboo beyond the threshold
Of the hut marked "K. of C."
There is no discrimination,
And there never is a fee;
Everyone is welcome,
And everything is free.

—Jas. G. Keenan.





The inimitable trio, Bitten, Clark and Gleason, have returned from their week-end in Asheville, and will be at home for an unknown time in E-1.

★ ★

The boys of W-1 ask how they could feel poorly with the genial smile of Capt. Whitledge and Nurse Mary (Sunshine) Hanahan.

★ ★

One of the pastimes we miss here is seeing our officers plying their knitting needles.

★ ★

One of the room squad from E-9, in being called to the Officers' Ward, where he heard there was a bit of Flu, remarked, "I ain't afraid to die, but I am jest naturally careful!"

★ ★

The daily prayer of E-5: "Oh Lord, or someone, give us egg-noggs." And they are keeping their eye on — Pelegrino since he brought in the armful of toadstools for the chief to put on the steaks.

★ ★

The Philadelphia nightingale, Ed. McDermott, of E-4, has been making lots of friends in the camp by visiting the wards and singing.

★ ★

A modest resident in the W. Wards received this parody on "My Rosary" in a new pair of strange socks Tuesday morning last:

The time I've spent on these here socks
Is like a thousand years to me.
Dear lad, how do they look to thee?
Thy hosiery! Thy hosiery!

Oh, maddening stitches, plain and purl,
Oft they've made my poor head whirl;
For men must fight—but I'm a girl,
And so I'm knitting socks for thee.

My mother taught me how to knit;
I hope with all my heart they fit—
If not as socks—well, as a mitt,
Or pass them on, thy hosiery!

Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS

FROM WARD I-4

Sergeant Marvin Bice, of Anniston, Ala., a member of Company M, 167th Infantry, of the Rainbow Division, is one of our rapidly improving patients.

Sergeant Bice is one of seventy-five men of his Company of 250 *heroes* who was able to answer roll call after making the famous attack at the Battle of Chateau-Thierry on July 26th to 30th. He is always bright and cheerful and is proud to know that his Division made three citations, as follows: Chateau-Thierry, Campagne Front and Lorraine.

— ★ —

Saddler Bishop, of Company B, 102nd M. G. Btn., was in the Seisprey attack of April 20th, in which a number of his Company were killed.

His spirit seems exceptionally cheerful. He is showing the same fortitude in fighting for his health as he showed while facing the enemy in France.

— ★ —

Our Big (Indian Chief) Private Wilson, of the Twelfth M. G., who for a time had the longings, characteristic of his race, for the wilds of the Michigan Forests, has decided it best to take the Rest Cure, and is now very brave and cheerful.

★ ★

V.M.S. (Interrogator in E-2)—"What's your occupation?"

D.U.B.—"Farmer."

V.M.S.—"Ever operate any machinery?"

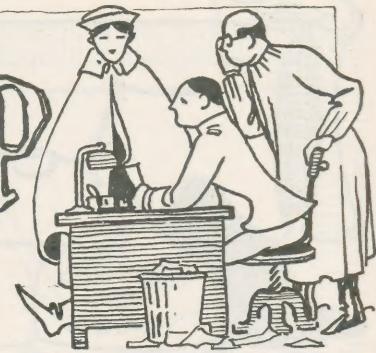
D.U.B.—"Yes, a telephone."

★ ★

The boys in E-2 think Corp. Wilson generous in allowing them to slip in their wishes to Miss Cooper (Little Red Riding Hood) with that beauteous pillow top he's been industriously working on these moons.

★ ★

Lt. Menne wishes to obtain the services of several patients (who have been assigned to reconstruction work) to assist in the laboratory. This is an exceptional opportunity for ambitious men to learn an interesting and remunerative vocation. Patients interested in this course of work should hand their names to the Reconstruction Department.



GENERAL ORDERS

1. To take charge of spuds and all gravy in view.
2. To watch my plate in a military manner, keeping always on the alert for any stray sausage that comes within sight, smell or hearing.
3. To report any bread, sliced too thin, to the Mess Sergeant.
4. To repeat all calls for seconds.
5. To quit the table only when satisfied there is nothing left.
6. To receive but not pass on to the next man to me any meat, cabbage or beans left by the non-coms, buck-privates or cuckoos.
7. To talk to no one that asks for onions.
8. In case of fire in the Mess Hall, to grab all eatables left by others in their escape.
9. In any case, not covered by instructions, to call Sgt. Lee.
10. To allow no one to steal anything in the line of grub.
11. To salute all chicken, beefsteak, pork-chops, and ham and eggs.
12. To be especially watchful at the table and during the time of eating to challenge anyone who gets more grub than myself.

W. E. RADMAN,
Ward E-2.

COULD DOCTOR ANSWER?

"Anything I can do for you?" asked a Surgeon, as he passed the bed of a smiling but badly wounded Soldier.

"Yes, Doctor, perhaps you can tell me something I'd very much like to know," answered "Sammie."

"Fire ahead," replied the Doctor, "What is it?"

"Well, Doctor, when one Doctor doctors another Doctor, does the Doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other Doctor like the Doctor wants to be doctored, or does the Doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other Doctor like the Doctor doing the doctoring wants to doctor him?"

WARD I-7

Captain Simons' bi-weekly talks in Ward I-7 prove important features of the educational and reconstruction campaign in operation at this ward. The interest shown by all patients is extremely gratifying, and as the situation will be viewed from a different angle every week, through the courtesy of the Captain, some instructive hours are in store for Ward I-7. The Captain dispenses as far as possible with technical terms, enabling his auditors to comprehend some of the most complex problems of modern Medical Science.

The subject taken on Wednesday was "Food and Eating," and the Captain goes on to say that "In conjunction with the above subject, the ever important matter of Fresh Air is uppermost. The old-fashioned idea that damp air is harmful is absurd, and no greater mistake exists than the practice of closing windows 'to keep out the damp air.' To prove this, try the simple experiment of placing a glass jar over a lighted candle. The candle, as almost everyone knows, will soon be extinguished, owing to the fact that the oxygen in the air beneath the jar soon is consumed. The same rule applies to human beings, especially in recuperative treatment, with the possible exception that the action is deferred, due to the fact that it is very difficult to make a sleeping room air-tight.

"Foods" are divided into three classes: Proteids, Sugars and Starches. The Fats and Proteids necessary in the treatment are mainly Meat, Eggs and Milk. Milk especially, as it contains all the necessary nutritive qualities. Milk should be drunk slowly, not just 'poured down.' When taken in this manner it is liable to do more harm than good, as it curdles in the stomach, causing discomfort.

"All food should be thoroughly masticated before swallowing. This is an absolutely important item; in fact, the key-stone of the digestive system.

"With the whole Nation doing its part in the conservation of foodstuffs, a very little effort on our part will show tremendous results in a short time. All patients are urgently requested to co-operate in this all-important campaign. There is an abundance for all, but the old saying still holds good, 'Waste makes want.' Take only what seems to be needed, at the mess, and if more is desired, request it. Think of the boys

over in France 'feasting' on 'corned willie' and 'monkey meat' when you are tempted to 'kick' and no doubt you will come to the conclusion that Uncle Sam is quite a provider for his large family, after all."

—CORJ. E. J. GIBBONS, Q.M.C.

THE CHARGE OF THE HASH BRIGADE

A sound of a bugle, they're out of their beds,
The Great Race is on, Skucks ahead,
But, alas, and alas 'tis only a minute
Till noble Sam Needy decides to come in it,
A splashing of water, a swing of the brush,
And they're into their clothes and out with
a rush.

Down thru the building and into the woods
Skucks gives way to noble Tom Woods,
The halls are now reached and the great
Curva is done
And they're off down the stretch like a shot
from a gun,
Come Skucks. Come Needy! Come Gagnon!
Come all!
Your reaching your goal and the goal of
us all.

A pause for a moment, Gay Roggers gives
the command,
They're off again! Twixt Gagnor and
Needy there's barely a hand
As the counter is reached and the Great
Race is done,
A Great Race, and Gagnon "Our Great
King," has won.

—SCANNELL, E-2.

"THE FLU"

When your back is broke and your eyes are
blurred,
And shin bones knock and your tongue is
furred;
And your tonsils squeak and your hair gets
dry,
And you're dog-gone sure that you are going
to die;
But you are scared you won't and afraid you
will,
Just drag to bed and have your chill,
And pray the Lord to see you through,
For you've got the Flu, Boy, you've got the
Flu.

When your toes curl up and your belt goes
flat,
And you're twice as mean as a Thomas Cat,
And life is a long and dismal curse,
And your food all tastes like a hard-boiled
hearse,

When your lattice aches and your head's
a-buzz,

And nothing is as it ever was,
Here are my sad regrets to you,
You've got the Flu, Boy, you've got the Flu.

What is it like, this Spanish Flu?
Ask me, Brother, for I've been through,
It is misery out of despair,
It pulls your teeth and curls your hair,
It thins your blood, frays your bones,
And fills your craw with moans and groans,
And sometimes maybe you get well,
Some call it Flu—I call it Hell.

—By H. J. NELSON.

ON KEEPING BRIGHT

The attitude of the average patient at this and other hospitals for the treatment of soldiers is very much like that of the small pupil in school, who is fully convinced that the teacher's request that he study his geography lesson or work his problems in arithmetic is especially for her edification and not because he could be benefitted in the slightest by doing so.

Uncle Sam has spent enormous sums in establishing and maintaining institutions for the treatment of his wards and has selected, with the greatest care, the very best climatic conditions possible for the location of these hospitals, and yet the average patient never seems to appreciate this fact or understand that it is for his good and not because it is especially valuable to Uncle Sam to have them here. Of course, in a number of cases, the health of these soldiers has broken down in the service of their country, but in a large number of cases, the soldier would have developed their specific trouble sooner or later any way, whether they came in the Army or not, and would have had no means of taking care of themselves. Even the wives of the soldiers in many cases seem to think the United States is very cruel because it is not its policy to send the sick soldiers back to them when they find them unfit for service, in which case both the soldier's pay and her allotment would cease, whereas if he remains in the service, he will have the best treatment possible, free from worry as to his family's welfare, and has a chance to fully recover his health. Contentment is most important mental characteristic we can develop, and the families of soldiers should realize that they will have them back all the sooner by keeping their letters full of hope and encouragement.

—McQ.



Our most sincere sympathy is extended to Colonel Flanigan on the loss of his son, Robert Lee Flanigan, Jr., age ten months, who died on November 4th.

—★—

Since our last issue, our numbers have been augmented as follows:

Colonel Koch, Theodore, C.A.C.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL

Kitts, William P., *Insp. Gen. Dept.*

CAPTAIN

Graham, Norman R., *M.C.*

Pelton, Charles W., *M.C.*

Farrington, Edward, *58th Pioneer Inf.*

Poffenberger, Albert, *San. C.*

FIRST LIEUTENANT

Saxtan, R. H., *54th Pioneer Inf.*

McWilliams, James, *A.S.S.C.*

Wright, Crispin, *M.C.*

SECOND LIEUTENANT

Belley, J. R., *28th A.S., Air Service.*

Degge, Geo. W., *Thirteenth Inf. Repl. Bn.*

Anheir, John A., *M.G.T.C.*

—★—

Our Aviator, in a flight of fancy, made the remark that he could out-walk any officer in the Ward. We note that he finds coal trucks useful in aiding him to keep up with the detail.

—★—

The officers of this Ward are patiently (?) awaiting the raising of the quarantine.

—★—

Miss Brown, Miss Paxton, and Miss Hamilton have replaced Miss Norcross and Miss Benson for duty in this Ward. They are very popular, and we expect that they will be transferred out shortly.

—★—

Since writing the above, we learn that Miss Hamilton has been transferred. Such is life!

Captain James Elliot, who has been Ward Surgeon since we opened, has been transferred. He is replaced by Captain Hayes.

DREAMS, MORE OBSCURE

(With the usual apologies to Lieut.

J. B. Stenbuck)

"Dreaming isn't nourishing but it is consoling." What does your friend know of the beauties of Nature who rides luxuriously to Asheville in a jitney and, in the anticipation of the promised joys of town, ignores the splendor of the landscape? Rather ask the man who seeks repose at the unromantic hour of nine, listening to the gentle patter of the raindrops leaking through the roof upon his poncho-covered couch. Ask of him who reclines in his canvas chair, and gazes over the freshly fertilized lawn, inhaling the delicate aroma arising therefrom.

Let us walk the winding road to the top of the hill, in the leisurely manner demanded by our sole remaining pulmonary organ. Owing to our already accelerated pulse, we will eschew the ascent of the lookout. Let us totally close our eyes—and here we are, still in Azalea. There before us lies the battlefield on which a gigantic struggle is being waged between thousands of men and hundreds of thousands of bacilli. (The Devil take the hindmost). Men entering shattered, and leaping during the quarantine, on whatsoever they may despise, with springy step and head erect.

Ah! But we dream, and dreams lift us from the realms of the bacilli and we, in fancy, float around like the funny-colored bubbles on the bosom of our soup. But is it flimsy talk? Is it unreal? Perhaps Desmond will get his September pay check, and Logee draw his transportation! We repeat, are these dreams unreal? *No!!* They are as real as the concrete road which guides us downward, from these exalted heights; down, beyond No Man's Land, which we pass with averted eye; down to the stern realities of inevitable *rest*. We dream of Broadway, bright lights, and pretty girls. Our dreams are the firm foundation upon which the reality will be built. Our dreams will come true.

BILL GETS HIS O. D.'S

Dere Maude:-

Yer shud see yer frend Bill now, awl dressed up in his winter soot. It's reel slick and it fits in sum places like if it had bin bought. Uncle Sammee has opened up his hart and has given his shiverin nefews each a wul soot. I wus goner say nu wool soot Maude, but that it aint. The won I got wus in several campains and has a coupler servise stripes below the back pockets of the pants. The soldjer what had it last must a bin turrible tired awl the time. I'd a liked to have gotten his shoes, they must a bin bran nu. The feller what gives us the clothes is like them fellers at the fairs what looks at yer and gesses yer weight. He picks up a coat and a pare of pants and shoves them at yer and sez "here's a dandy fit." He can tell what size yer ware by lookin at yer. He must have bin lookin at the feller behind me when he gave me mine. Believe me Maude, them wool clothes feels good on thes chilly days, cause up here in the mountains now it is like it sez in the pome, 'For the frost is on the pumpkin,' and on everything else exceptin the cake what we get. That is jest plane cake without no frostin or anythin else atop of it.

Now that we finished hoin and rakin I got a nother job. I am now reclaimin. You all dont no what that meens. That meens takin all the fats and greases and bones and garbage and peelins and sweepins and everything what you all used to give to the pigs, and separatin them from each other. It's very si-entific work my sargent sez and only the smartest are aloud to work in this department. He sez he wants me to learn it rite from the bottem, so now I got to go round with the truck from kichen to kichen and emty awl the garbage cans in the truck. He must meen learnin the reclaimin business rite from the bottem of the cans. He sez after I no awl about my job what I got now, he will let me asort awl the bones, because he sez thots awl whats on my mind. He's a smart feller, this sargent, and nos a good feller when he sees won. So it goes in the army, Maude. Promotions are slow, but when they come they are worthwhile.

Gud by Maude, I'll rite you agin when I got nothin else to do. It's a gud way of spendin useless time riten to you, Maude, and I no you are glad to git my interestin letters. The cheese what yer mother sent cum and so did yer picher. It was awfully gud. I meen the cheese. Gratefully,



FOREIGN LEGION

A French paper, and a soldiers' sheet, sets out to explain how to tell an officer of the Foreign Legions when you see one. It is evident that not only civilians are puzzled by such little military details, and not much wonder! Look at the right shoulder, says the Poilu's paper; if there is nothing there, look at the lower part of the upper right arm. If there are no chevrons he is a general, for generals wear their insignia in their hats. If he has nothing in his hat, then he a private, unless he has two wings, and then, of course, he will be an aviator. As for the chevrons and the subtracting of their number from the number of stripes on the hat, it becomes a veritable problem in mental arithmetic, and even then you are not certain whether you are speaking to a captain or a major. The top of the hat is important and simple of interpretation. If red, it denotes infantry; if blue, with gold braid, cavalry; and if the man in question wears no hat, well, then he may be a Serbian colonel without his hat!

DEDICATION

Oteen! Prophetic word from out a memory's page,
Live message of a race that haunts these pine-green hills;
An Acropolis thou of a modern age,
Thy mission, men to heal of war-wrought ills.

Oteen! From out the silence of these cloud-kissed goals,
Thy message be of more than beauty and of charm;
Their wondrous peace instill into men's very souls;
And faith, transcending all material harm.

—LT. R.E.S.

PATRIOTISM?

The other night
I went to the theatre
With a lowbrow friend.
And the orchestra played
"Little Brown Jug."
And he thought
It was the National Anthem.
And he stood up
And I did too.
Darn him;

— "Rhodes' Colossus."

"When in Doubt
—SALUTE"

THE FALL

Oh, yes, they were invincible,
Those troops the Kaiser sent
To fight the nations unprepared
Till to his will they bent;
No one could stand before their might,
None could their equal be,
For they alone possessed true blue invincibility.

And he—the Kaiser would not stand
Of nonsense aught from us;
He'd simply sweep us from the map,
If we dared make a fuss;
He sneered at us Americans
Who dared to brave his might,
For well he knew—he said not how—
That never would we fight.

Now those same troops invincible
Are badly on the run,
And Yanks who would not fight, are hot
Foot after each scared Hun
Which goes to show it is not wise
To brag of what you'll do,
Until you've met the test to show
That you can put it through.



A recruit from one of the lower wards, returning from the Q. M. with a new issue of socks, was asked if they were wool.

"Sure anuff them is wool, for they sure does itch like wool."

★ ★

AT SICK CALL

"What's your trouble, Sam? Let me see your tongue."

Sam (showing same)—"No tongue can ever tell how sick I am."

★ ★

Teacher in Reconstruction (holding up picture of zebra)—"What is this?"

One of the Youthfuls — "A horse in a bathing suit."

★ ★

Willie—"When pa was born he weighed but five pounds."

Johnnie—"Gee, did he live?"

★ ★

AS THE NEWS BROKE MONDAY A.M.

Hell Fires—with this noise North Carolina must have gone dry.

★ ★

Talking of Stemming the Goddess Tide—one should have heard the noisy hounds around Headquarters at 6:00 a.m. Monday.

★ ★

ADVICE TO SOLDIERS

"Remember, my son," said the fond mother, "when you get to camp try to be as punctual in the mornings so as not to keep breakfast waiting."—*Life*.

★ ★

Sam—"Ah done heerd dat dey fin' Columbus's bones."

Ezra—"Lawd, Ah never knew dat he wuz a gambling man."—*Panther*.



Wife, whose husband was in active service, presented him with a bouncing boy. She wrote him, asking him when he would get leave, and when the war would be over. His reply was:

"Dear Lucy: I don't know when I shall get leave or when the war will be over, but if the baby should be grown up before I get leave, give him a parcel to bring out to me. Your loving husband, BILL."

★ ★

First Private—"Haven't heard from my best girl in two months. Am afraid some fellow has come between us."

Lieutenant—"Don't worry, my boy; it's only Burleson."—*Life*.

★ ★

Teacher—"Name the five zones."

Boy — "Temperate, intemperate, war, postal, and o."—*Transcript*.

★ ★

Sergeant (surprising sentry) — "Why didn't you challenge that man who just passed?"

Sentry—"Why, that's Sergeant Freeman, and he's got ten pounds on me."

★ ★

Wife — "John, didn't I hear the clock strike two as you came in?"

John—"You did; it started to strike ten, but I stopped it to keep from waking you."

★ ★

"Does your father live in the fear of the Lord?"

"Reckon he does — leastways he always takes a gun when he goes out on Sunday."

—*Gargoyle*.



TO THE CIVILIAN WORKERS

Just as the sun had reached its zenith and cool autumnal breezes swept across The reservation, Captain Davis, of the Construction Corps of the Army, stood on The veranda of one of the Ward Buildings, which you had built so that our boys Might live. Women canteen workers were busily engaged in distributing hot tins Of coffee to the assemblage. And Captain Davis, smiling and debonair, spoke impressively of the necessity of speeding up on the work under way. He interjected His plea with witticisms apropos of the war. And you all joined in the laughter. Then the Captain suddenly became serious and in a low penetrating voice told Of hundreds of our boys in New York receiving hospitals suffering from "Lungs." Instead of breathing in the pure dry air of the mountains they

Were sucking in the moist befouled air of the city. They were even dying. Why? Because there were no hospitals such as this available. At each breath, he Reminded you that the bacilli were multiplying by the millions and that Some of these deaths could have been prevented had hospitals been ready.

Then it dawned on you that your boy might be among those sufferers who were Waiting. Big, stalwart, bronzed men—workers all, mentally determined that they Would strike two, yea even three blows where they had struck but one before. And the laborers had also been reached.

They too were going to work faster That our boys might be saved. And remember how grateful you all felt when Captain Davis reminded you that he was not criticizing but merely exhorting You to work more rapidly. And even the girl stenographers seemed impressed They were women now doing a man's work and proud of the opportunity. He had Impressed you all and brushing the beads of perspiration from his brow

Thanked you. Apparently all of you had been touched by his remarks. And the Captain's plea was not in vain. Then it was that one of the men Asked one of the girls, "Don't you think he is wonderful?"

"Yes," answered the girl, "is he married?" —*M. D. KORNFIELD*

Hubby—"Had a queer dream last night. Thought I saw another man running off with you."

Wifey—"What did you say to him?"

Hubby—"Asked him what he was running for."

RECONSTRUCTION NOTES

In taking care of the health of the soldiers of this Hospital, the administration is by no means neglecting the equally important training of their minds and hands in order that when they go back to duty, either in the Army or to civilian life, they will be better equipped than ever before to do intelligent work.

★ ★

One of the most interesting and useful classes in the Reconstruction Building is conducted by Private Abernathy, who is instructing the foreign-born, and other white patients who have had no educational advantages, to read and write the English language. There are ten pupils in the present class. Some of the foreign-born students have been well educated in their own language, which enables them to more quickly grasp the principles of ours than those who have had no education at all. The whole class is progressing satisfactorily.

★ ★

Private O. H. Aanasted has the interesting and sometimes very amusing task of teaching the three "R's" to the colored patients of the Post. The school is well equipped with books, blackboards, and all other necessary paraphernalia, and even the most backward pupil is making progress under the teacher's patient and careful training. The colored students have the happy faculty of getting a large measure of enjoyment out of even hard work, which is very much in evidence during the spelling bees. The man who spells cat with a "K" must listen to many scornful and superior comments from the more successful contestants, such as "Dat nigger spells jes' like he shoots craps," etc.

★ ★

A glimpse into the sunny porch occupied by the typewriting class convinces one that here the thought of physical defect has no place. The class is very enthusiastic and has made great progress in finger and keyboard exercises and are now proceeding with the actual operation of the machines. The class is very ably conducted by Sergeant Charles C. Bugher, and it is earnestly desired that more of the soldiers will take advantage of this splendid opportunity to fit themselves to serve Uncle Sam in a clerical capacity even if they are not able to continue in the fighting line, for there is no denying the fact that greater opportunities are always open to the trained and educated man than to the one who is not.

(Continued on page 14)

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A LETTER FOR THE FOLKS AT HOME

In the first glad hour of peace we are prone to forget the great work of reconstruction that lies ahead of us. We have met and crushed the hydra-headed monster that threatened to destroy us. Are we able to meet the more difficult conditions of peace? A thousand problems present themselves—none more urgent than that of caring for and, as far as possible, restoring to health the soldiers who have been wounded or broken down under the stress of war. To meet this condition, great reconstruction army hospitals have been established throughout the nation. Among these is the Hospital at Azalea. For the benefit of our friends at home, we wish to say something of the life and work here.

The Azalea Hospital is located on a plateau near the Swannanoa River six miles east of the city of Asheville and in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains. It would be treading upon the sacred prerogative of the medical profession of Asheville to speak of the influence of this climate upon tuberculosis. We are not talking for Buncombe. But we are keenly alive to a certain sense of vigor and well being here which we did not know in other sections of the country. We enjoy the mountains with their play of colors, gazing in wonder upon the snow-capped peaks while the valley is still green. We believe ourselves in dreamland as we watch the lights and shadows dancing across ravines. We are moved to ecstasy as we view cascades half covered by rhododendron. We look toward Pisgah and behold

Biltmore Mansion rising in profile like a medieval castle in its alpine fastness. Yet in the midst of all this we are not for a moment permitted to lose a keener sense of appreciation of pork chops and roast beef than was known to us in civil life.

The Hospital must not be thought of as a single building of huge proportions but rather as of a town extending over considerable territory. In shape the grounds remind one of the group of stars known as the Great Dipper. On the plateau, where most of the buildings are located, the grounds are rectangular, representing the bowl of the dipper. At the upper left corner a roadway leads off, first to the nurses' quarters, then taking a backward turn, runs up the mountain to a group of wards about a mile distant, forming a striking likeness to the handle of the Dipper.

On the plateau

chief of the medical, the surgical, the laboratory, the X-Ray, the pathological and the dental departments. Most of these men are of nation-wide reputation. There are also non-medical officers whose work is purely executive, such as quartermaster, medical supply officer, adjutant, registrar, mess officer, detachment commander, police officer and others. These men carry much responsibility. The work in their offices is done by "detachment men." Some of these "detachment men" possess marked ability and many of them are said to be men of wealth. They had eagerly hoped to serve in France yet they uncomplainingly give their best efforts to the building up of this institution.

There is no more important work connected with the institution than that of the Reconstruction Department. Here the soldier patients are taught useful trades and the illiterate put to school. For, be it remembered that only about ten per cent of the patients are confined to bed while a large number of them are able to devote some hours each day to useful occupations. The Red Cross, Y.M.C.A., Knights of Columbus and other organizations look to the comfort and entertainment of the men. These organizations, with their comfortable buildings and competent leaders upon the grounds, are doing for the sick soldier boys just what the people at home intended and wanted them to do when they gave so liberally to these causes.

There are about thirty ward buildings now open, each with a capacity of about thirty beds. These buildings are so con-



FIELD DAY GROUP AT GENERAL

HOSPITAL NUMBER NINETEEN

structed that the patients sleep as nearly in the open as is compatible with protection against inclement weather. Each sleeping pavilion opens into a comfortable dressing room with modern sanitary bath rooms attached. There is an abundance of hot and cold water. Both tub and shower baths are provided. In each ward there is a sitting or reading room. Here the patients may read, write, play at games or amuse themselves as they see fit.

The wards are under the supervision of medical officers known in the Army as Ward Surgeons. They are responsible for the discipline, care, comfort, protection and moral attitude of their men, and have a free hand as long as things go well on the ward.

The wards are divided into two groups known as Infirmary and Ambulatory. In the former are patients who are confined to bed or are permitted chair rest. In the latter are patients who are up and walking about. In the mountain wards are patients who are almost well and are being hardened for a return to duty.

Let us follow a walking patient upon his daily rounds. Rising at seven he is lined up in military array with the other men of his ward and marched to breakfast. The men from the various wards appear at the dining room at intervals of a few minutes. It takes fifty minutes to serve in cafeteria style the seven hundred men who go to the dining room. The men find their dishes arranged upon shelves on one side of the room. Dishes in hand they pass in single file before a counter from which food is served. There are no food restrictions placed upon

sick soldiers. Each man gets all that he will eat of the best prepared and most nutritious food that money can buy. When a patient leaves the Hospital to get a meal he goes for the sake of a change or for the luxury of being served in a different manner. He does not go to get more food or better food. It does not exist. Breakfast over the patient returns to his ward where he places his bed in order. He then takes part in cleaning the building or the grounds adjacent to the building, provided, of course, that the reconstruction physician has found him able to do this work. Next comes "sick call." The Ward Surgeon has every patient lined up in front of him. Each name has previously been written upon the

"sick book" and the Ward Surgeon questions every man as to his condition, recording the answers in blank spaces arranged for the purpose. Every complaint is recorded and the Ward Surgeon immediately takes steps to correct the same. In addition to the morning report each patient undergoes a thorough physical examination twice each month. The angel Gabriel keeps not more records than does the Ward Surgeon in a military hospital. Every dose of medicine, bath, temperature, minute of exercise, ache, pain or complaint, whether real or imaginary, every breach of discipline and every finding of the X-Ray, microscope, stethoscope, or other instrument of precision known to science is recorded upon the chart of every patient.

What is the attitude of these men toward the institution? It is not unlike that of the pupils in a boarding school. It has been well summed up in the following words: "Taking things as they find them. Vaguely understanding. Caring less. Grumbling by custom. Cheerful by nature. Ever anxious to be somewhere they are not. Ever anxious to be somewhere else when they get there." Living through a period which in after years will be remembered as the happiest of their lives.—CAPT. B.L. HAYES.

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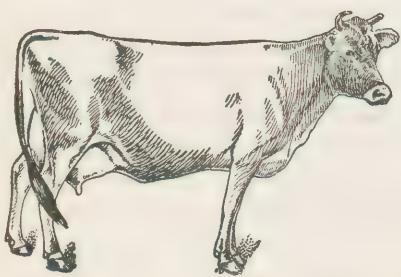
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The porch of the Reconstruction Building is being used as a carpenter shop, supervised by Sergeant Wynn. In addition to teaching his men how to be good carpenters, great stacks of seemingly hopeless furniture are constantly being repaired here and sent back to the various wards as good as new. A great number of entirely new pieces of furniture are made at this shop also. The tool room is well equipped with all sorts of tools and appliances necessary to carry on this work.

★ ★

The official sign painter of the post is Private H. Halverson, who occupies one of the small rooms off of the carpenters' porch. Some of the signs he has painted for the various departments are veritable works of art.

★ ★

The busiest man around the camp after all the recent rains is the post tailor, Private Isador Keslinski, who also occupies one of the small rooms of the Reconstruction Building. At the time of our recent visit he was busily engaged in pressing large heaps of officers' uniforms which were to be worn to the Red Cross Hop on Hallowe'en night.

★ ★

Thus the work of training the minds and hands of the various soldiers of this institution has progressed steadily during the short time it has been open, in spite of many handicaps and discouraging features. The men have entered heartily into the spirit of the work and most of them seem to appreciate and realize how much Uncle Sam is doing for them, not only in giving them perhaps the only chance they have ever had in their lives to improve and build up their health without cost to themselves or responsibility as to the welfare of their families, but in teaching them some useful trade or work which, even though they are not physically able to fight for their country, will still enable them to efficiently "carry on" in its great reconstruction work when an everlasting peace shall have come to the world.

—J.L.C.

Two American soldiers were engaged in trench digging, when one asked the other if he remembered the big posters back home saying, "Enlist and see the World."

"Yes," replied his companion, "but why?"

"Well, I didn't know we had to dig clean through to see it." —*Harper's Magazine*.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Bareback

Dear Miss Bareback:

I am in love with a beautiful nurse. One of the lieutenants is also afflicted. How can I tell if she loves me. BUCK.

Buck, you can't. A soldier is a soldier, but a lieutenant is an officer.

—★—

Dear Beat:

There are four beautiful nurses in camp and I am in love with all of them. This is a rather delicate situation and any advice will be appreciated by ROOKIE.

Rookie, go to Utah and ask for Brigham Young. He knows.

—★—

My dear Miss Bareback:

I don't know you and furthermore I don't know why I am writing you about it, but how can a fellow win a girl's love. KID.

Kid, you have nothing on me. I don't know you either, so I won't tell.

—★—

Miss Bareback:

I am in love with two girls. One is a pip and worth a mint; the other is as ugly as a detail sergeant and not worth a nickel. I know the feeling is reciprocated by both but I am not quite certain which one I ought to marry. STEW PID.

Mr. Pid. The only advice which I can give you is that you apply for admission into the bug ward.

—M.D.K.

THE BAND

The musical organizations at G. H. No. 19 have done a lot of definite work during the past week. It is the plan in the near future to start classes for every instrument from a ukelele to the big tubas. Any man who really wants to learn to play some instrument will be given an opportunity to do so. The instructors in most cases will be men who are in our midst and who are skilled musicians. From these classes we will work up small units, each of which can do stunts by themselves. There will be such units in each ward as far as possible. These will be booked for performances in different parts of the Hospital, in the Infirmary Wards, especially where the boys are sick in bed.

The men in the hill wards will have a chance to see what the W. Wards can do, then the hill wards will have an opportunity to come down and go them one better. The "Y", the K. of C. and the Red Cross, too, will come in for a share. Instruments are

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Sandwiches, Soft Drinks
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ASHEVILLE, N. C.

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already at hand and many more are on the way. Dates are already being made and if you want some particular unit in your section of the Hospital, get your request in early, as you may have a long wait.

Mrs. Isa Maude Ilsen, who is the Government representative of the Commission on Training Camp Activities, is just now in this vicinity, and is giving much valuable assistance. While here she is dividing her time between Azalea, Kenilworth, Waynesville and Hot Springs. She is doing much to stimulate interest and organize talent among civilians in our vicinity, in order to bring cheer, up-lift and comfort, especially to our men who are sick in bed, by helping to provide suitable music for them. We wish she might be stationed here permanently.

—LIEUT. CLARK.

QUARTERMASTER CORPS

Quartermaster Corps,
U.S.A. General Hospital No. 19,
Azalea, N. C.

Mr. Beega Boss Mike:

I wanna know whatta for you keepa me here alla time. No go to town-a, no see the girla, no do nothing, aww whassa matta. You know, Mr. Bossa, I am what cha calla Nica, you know me, I am Angelina's sweetheart, I am the sweep sargent of Bldg. 202. I sweepa him cleana, and wash him upa efery day, alla time worka lika wone sun a mon gun, sweeta all time.

Now, Mr. Beega Boss, I lika you ver mucha, you'se whata is calla onea godda man. You know, Mr. Bossa, my Angelina wants for me go homa for what you call him Xmas, to hava one a beeg, beega feed. Thas alla righta. I wanna wone a what you calla him furlo to go see my Angelina. She's a liva New Jers, and I wanna go for one tena day, and I be ver ver much obleega Mr. Bossa. Afta the tena day is finish, Mr. Bossa I coma back righta quicka, an fixa my job alla righta. Maybe soma one fixa my job alla righta for tena day. I don know. Mr. Sargent he say a for me go see Angelina salla righta. He onea gooda man too. He say he geat onea gooda man who fixa my joba alla righta when a I a go. When I coma backa, Mr. Bossa, I bringa you one beeg black Italian stogie, youa lika him Mr. Bossa? He's a nica an stronga, just lika onion. I knowa Mr. Bossa you giva me ona furlo Angelina tinka you onea gooda man.

Thas alla righta Mr. Beega Boss, thank you ver ver mucha.

NICA.

HAVE YOU THE FIGHTING SPIRIT?

Have you the spirit to Go On?

Each day brings Azalea Hospital an added demonstration of the extraordinary power and capacity of the Yank. That indomitable spirit to fight on and to play the game to a successful finish. Men are coming here from every walk of life, men who lack training in any line, men proficient in a particular line, men proficient in multiple trades. These men have stepped from out their regular sphere of activity onto the stage of conflict. They have entered wholeheartedly, unselfishly into the struggle for Democracy's sake. They have given without a single complaint the greatest gift of life. They have made next to the supreme sacrifice, they have given their health. Given by toil and labour, energy unsurpassed that Liberty may not die. Whether or not the sacrifice was made here or "over there" it was made with the spirit of ultimate helpfulness. It was made with incomparable zest and willingness.

And these men still retain that fighting spirit. They have come here with continued enthusiastic and spirited co-operation. They have come to this Hospital with the spirit to go on.

★ ★

In the many trades these men have followed their experience proves an asset which offsets less physical strength. They are here to build up the physical to regain their former strength and go back into the game of life with renewed vim and fight.

But these men will go home again with more than renewed health. The Reconstruction Department at our Hospital has been organized to help these men with the fighting spirit. It will help these men who want to go on, who want to climb higher.

How will it help? Many trade and professional classes are being organized. A man may go into a class in which he is best fitted, he may go in at the very bottom or he may take the more advanced work—putting on the finishing touches:

With rebuilt bodies, with more active minds, with that eternal spirit to fight on, the men who go out from Azalea Hospital will reflect credit on the institution that occupied such a limited time in their lives.

SHOCKING

Mrs. Brown—"With this 'ere war on, I can't afford clothes."

The Curate—"Don't let that keep you away from Church, Mrs. Brown."—*Life.*

Success has crowned the Nation's Effort!!! Success to The Oteen and its institution, Azalea!! The approaching holidays will have a greater significance to us and well may we be proud of their meanings.

A great time to celebrate. A complete stock of Holiday Gifts, useful and appreciative.

...The Leader...

10-12 PATTON AVENUE

A MODERN DEPARTMENT STORE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

PEACE IS HERE

"Our Boys" are "Over There"
THEY HAVE WON

And have made the world safe for us, our children and our property.

We owe everything to the boys in khaki and navy blue, and every real patriot wants to do something for them. Don't forget them at Christmas time. Boxes are limited to three pounds.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

We have a large stock of acceptable wear things suitable for gifts that will come within the weight limit. Sweaters, Underwear, Hose, etc., etc.

Useful Gifts that will be acceptable to the recipients over here are now ready in large variety and our sales corps will take pleasure both in serving and selling the Soldiers and the Nurses at Azalea. Call and let us prove this to you.

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SMITH'S DRUG STORE

The Rexall Store

ESTABLISHED 1869

We offer the best of service at either end of the line—Asheville or Biltmore. Use our Stores for your convenience.

BILTMORE DRUG STORE

(Continued from page 2)

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The 5, 10 and 25c Store—A Dollar
Goes Far Here*

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OPPOSITE THE LANGREN



*Buttermilk
Direct from the
Gross Farm*

German 'sub' off the coast of England. But I'm getting ahead of my story, and I'm going to give you an outline of just what the life was on a transport to us—and to any of the lads who have since gone over.

The decks were much different than in her passenger carrying days. They were stripped, to allow for all the room to carry troopers, and for the exercise and drill grounds. The luxurious cabins were all opened into one another, and fitted as officers' quarters and recreation rooms—but devoid of their fittings. The 2nd rate cabins had the walls taken out, and made into long dormitories, much as any barracks are made up. As the men came on board they were assigned in platoons to quarters—and given a length of white canvas 6x4, a mattress to serve as a life preserver if necessary, a thick blanket and a big bath towel. These things were our necessities of the voyage. There were a lot of 'gobs' below who taught us in a jiffy how to swing and lash the hammock—which we had learned in theory at our training camp back home. On the lower deck between the ports were set tables of white pine, scrubbed as are all mess tables in the army. At these tables we were assigned to a given place for chow, and after this we always cleaned up house, and made the room fit for reading, study, writing, or card playing.

Finally the big transport started on her voyage, and after passing the nets of Halifax harbor we picked up our convoy of 5 troop ships several destroyers and two gun boats. We had wanted to see our shore for the last time, but lights were ordered out, and back to quarters—because those were days when the subs were plying up the Canadian coast. We blanketed the windows, and spent our first night 'into the great unknown' playing one-penny poker—and talking about the folks back home, our best girls, and the big things we were going to do upon getting on land—at the other side. The heat and depression made most of us hit the 'hay' early that night.

At the first peep of day an old fellow much bedecked in gold braid shouted the order of the day "Hit the deck mates"—and we couldn't hit it too soon. It wasn't five minutes before every one of us were up on deck, sleepy eyed, with his blanket folded, and rolling up his canvas. We lined up in platoons and had our morning scrub, and lined up for roll call. After that we rushed madly for the cold shower—and if you ever want to get the worth and chill of cold water—take a shower on the open deck of

a transport at 5 G. M. But it put new life into us all—and we hit downstairs for chow like young cannibals. The food was plain and plentiful, and mostly beans—cooked in all sorts of disguised ways—and soup. It all tended to act as good ballast, which we found we'd need soon.

We still saw land in the faint distance, and the old grizzled master of the boat, who'd made under 8000 trips and never sick once, informed us we'd covered just forty miles during the night, as they were working around mines and that sort of thing, but we hadn't seen any to date. Then they asked for full steam ahead and we began to act. We'd given little thought to sea sickness, and I among the other soldiers had never been to sea, and special attention was given to us in the early days of the voyage. I'll grant you many of those soups and beans were sacrificed to Neptune in those days out. But we all had been examined before coming on board, and we lived the days of heaving, and running to the gunwhale to see how deep the ocean was—as well as we could—because hadn't we signed up to serve Uncle Sammy—and this was our first rough trial. I'd been homesick and heartsick—but may the good Lord spare me from any more of that sea sick business.

The old skipper had us coming around in a couple of days, and then we were assigned to our regular places again. Our days were taken up in strenuous drills and the ground work of a soldier. We fell into the ways of the ship easily, and even some of us regretted that we hadn't pitched into the marine end of things—but our minds would revert back to the days of sea sickness, and were glad we'd hit into a foot regiment.

Nine days later we sighted land, and you cannot imagine the excitement that prevails on board a transport when it takes leave of her convoys to enter the port of destination. Loud was our welcome to our reinforcements, the quays were crowded with enthusiastic people, bands played, and a great shout went up as we youngsters, trim in our U. S. Regular outfits, stepped onto the land which we were giving our lives to if need be—in the hope of trimming the Hun, and making it all safe for theirs, and the world safe for ours.

(Continued next week)

Flynn is going to buy a Ford! At once! Nothing like competition, Porky.

—★—

Sergeant Jim—In modern football they tackle a man; they don't tag him gently.

All Men and Women in Uniform

Wherever located were an effective influence towards the fall of Germany.

We congratulate those of the Azalea contingency for their ennobling part.

Bon Marche

WELCOME SOLDIERS

The Wachovia Bank & Trust Company welcomes to Western North Carolina our soldiers now stationed at Azalea. For those who are here to enjoy the healthful influences of the wonderful climate, and for those who are here in the discharge of their patriotic duty, a most happy and profitable sojourn is wished.

The officers and employees of this Bank will feel particularly favored when an opportunity presents itself whereby they can serve you in any way.

You are cordially invited to make full use of the facilities of North Carolina's Largest Bank.

WACHOVIA BANK & TRUST COMPANY

Member Federal Reserve System

Capital and Surplus Two Million Dollars

"Who's dead?" was asked of the small boy as the hearse passed by.

"The bloke what's inside the coffin."

"But who is he?"

"It's the Mayor."

"So the Mayor is dead, is he?" mused the stranger.

"Well, I guess," said the small boy witheringly, "Do you think he's having a rehearsal?"

A SWELL SEA POME

The soldier murmured "war is hell,"

His stomach being on the skid;
And then—there came another swell—
Old Sherman said a mouthful, kid!

The Russian art of self-defense: 100 yards in ten seconds.

Along with Germany's weakening they say Carlisle is dragging out a three-striper. Good things come slow.

UNION CAFÉ

B. M. SHEPHERD, Proprietor

Overlooks the Azalea Hospital

A RESTAURANT catering to the wants of Azalea's civilian and soldiering population. Our specialty is Ham and Eggs.

Join the "Noon-Day" Crowd

PACK SQUARE BOOK CO.

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Your home for good Books at Popular Prices. Also a complete line of Camera Supplies, Developing, etc.

4 trial will convince.

The Post Exchange

IN THE HEART OF THE CAMP—AND
WE WANT IT TO BE IN THE HEART
OF EVERY MAN

Headquarters for the Sale of *The Oteen*

FOUR O'CLOCK MONDAY MORNING ON THE HILL

The monotony of the nasal chorus is suddenly broken by the muffled sound of shots and the droning blast of whistles, which are wafted on the mountain breezes to the ears of the sleepers.

Suddenly the import of these sounds of revelry strikes one of the awakened, who leaps from his bed yelling like a drunken Commanche. In a twinkling H-5 is ablaze with light, and in two twinklings the shadowy forms of a couple modern Paul Reveres are dashing through the darkness down the winding road that leads to the post.

The nurses, awakened by the shrill shouts of these demons of the night, caught the words—*The War is Over*—as they dashed by.

Ward W-1 had tucked its collective self back in the downy cots after a half hearted attempt to start something fitting to the momentous occasion, when the aforesaid despilers of sleep dashed among them.

Bed clothes were snatched from recumbent forms and those who failed to desert their nests immediately found them suddenly torpedoed and sunk without warning.

Soon the entire personnel of W-1 had taken up the delightful task of spreading the tidings of great joy, but, unlike the angels who voiced to the world "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," this resembled a band from the nether regions, as they marched to the boiler-room to inquire why in Hades the whistle of G. H. No. 19 had not joined the chorus in Asheville.

The first pull on the rope resulted in a shower bath for the revelers, for the whistle had become clogged with water, but it soon cleared and its first joyful shrieks brought our noble fire fighters tumbling from the doors of their barracks, for the efforts of the rope pullers had resulted in the fire call of the upper reservation.

They were greeted by a hundred dancing mad men, who accompanied their yells with the banging of everything in the line of tinware.

The lid was off. In fact, a number of lids were off. Witness the uncovered refuse cans, whose tops were put to a much more musical purpose than was intended for them.

Soon the roar of our fire engine was heard, and this vehicle, loaded with wild-eyed patients and detachment men, careened recklessly around the corners with bell clanging.

By this time the fair contingent had completed the many details of a hasty toilet. They were soon perched on the ladders and other paraphernalia of the fire truck and it was off again with a great clanging and roaring, and hysterical shrieks of the nurses.

The civilian workers employed by the Q. M. had now arrived and a monster parade was formed, which included all the soldiers of the camp.

When the parade dispersed, the patients stormed their mess hall to satisfy appetites with the edge whetted by the early morning exertion.

In response to three cheers for Captain, that officer made a speech typical of how we all felt. It was short and sharp and inferred that he didn't give two whoops in the hot place what happened, now that Bill Hohenzollern had been neatly and decisively trimmed.

About nine o'clock, all the patients in uniform, as well as the detachment men, marched to the Administration Building, to cheer our Colonel, who graciously responded.

On the whole, the celebration impressed us with the fact that it was typically American.

When we make war, it's "force without stint or limit," and when we make peace—but then if we have given you a slight idea of the doings, you are convinced that there is no "stint or limit" to our peace celebration.

The flags of the Allies, with Old Glory surmounting, were flung to the breeze from our flagpole and the most impressive retreat ever conducted at this Hospital was held at five o'clock. About 1,000 soldiers participated and made a beautiful sight, as they snapped into the various maneuvers at the commands of Lt. White.

After supper a huge bonfire was lighted in the hollow south of the concrete road, around which the enlisted men gathered, while the officers and nurses assembled in the Red Cross Building to hear our Colonel and to trip the light fantastic.

Thus ended the biggest day G. H. No. 19 has seen. A day that undoubtedly brought joy to the hearts of practically all the people of this old world, even the Germans, with the exception of plain Bill Hohenzollern and family.

PVT. JAS. L. COFFEY.

The Thanksgiving Number will be out next week, printed in two colors.

At the Mountain City Laundry clothes go in soiled and come out clean and fresh.



Your laundry is delivered to you when you want it.



Try us with your next lot of soiled clothes.



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BANDANNA KITCHEN

92 HAYWOOD STREET

—AND—

PIPING HOT TEA ROOM

(OPPOSITE THE MANOR)

HOT COOKING FEATURED, DELICIOUS MEALS SERVED
AT REASONABLE RATES

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Apparel

Nowhere in this part of the South will be found such a complete and high-class stock of Merchandise. For the discriminating, we have a wide selection in our various departments, including Military Goods for officers and enlisted men, Men's Furnishings and Shoes, Women's Ready-to-Wear, Sport Clothes for Women, Sporting Goods and all outdoor comforts.

A Compliment

Our hearty congratulations are extended to the men of Azalea on the splendid appearance of their new and interesting magazine.

THE CADUCEUS

 Have you often wondered what the significance of the Caduceus is, and why it was adopted as emblematic of the Medical Department of the Army?

The Caduceus, the rod surmounted by the extended wings and entwined by the two serpents, is a symbol of peace and prosperity, and has figured in modern times as a symbol of commerce. The rod or wand is supposed to be the wand of Hermes or Mercury, the god of commerce. The rod represents power, the serpents wisdom, and the two wings diligence and activity. The true ancestral symbol of the healing art, according to the Journal of the American Medical Association is the knotty rod and serpent of Esculapius. The significance of this device is much the same as that ascribed to the Caduceus; the serpent has been linked up with the art of healing from time immemorial as representing wisdom. The symbol is thus not only a very ancient and beautiful one, but one very expressive of the spirit and work of the medical profession and of our medical service in the Army. The entwined serpents stand for power, wisdom and health, and the rod and wings protection and support against disease.

THAT NURSES' DINNER

Events are crowding thick and fast upon us since inauguration of social life in the camp on Hallowe'en, but the dinner at Grove Park Inn last Thursday night was quite the most festive occasion of all.

Mr. and Mrs. Seely of the Inn were hosts; Colonel and Mrs. Hoagland were chaperons and Miss Standish and forty-five of the nurses were the guests. Motor cars and ambulances provided transportation and we were ushered into the big room promptly at 7 o'clock.

After a very delicious dinner, there was time for a tour of inspection of the beauties of the Inn, both exterior and interior, before the picture, "Little Red Decides," which was shown in the Big Room to the accompaniment of several selections on the pipe organ.

We bade our hostess "good-night" about 11, and decided during the ride back to Azalea that, when we get to France, one of our very pleasantest memories of "The Land of the Sky" will be our first dinner at Grove Park Inn.

Special Thanksgiving Edition in two colors next week. **ORDER NOW.**

*The folks at home
want a good photograph of you.
Special prices to soldiers.*

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Studio
Asheville, N. C.

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DRUGGISTS

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ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Soldiers, Welcome!

Our Big Store your Headquarters. Look over our big line of Books. A wide variety of titles, 65 cents up. Correspondence Paper in boxes or pound packages. Waterman Fountain Pens, all sizes. Wide variety of articles for Christmas Giving. Glad to see You.



Rogers' Book Store

39 PATTON AVE.

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ASHEVILLE, N. C.



ROTARY MOTION

"Brush your teeth at least twice a day, when rising in the morning and upon retiring at night. Use a rotary motion," says our Dental Surgeon.

Such is the advice given to the soldiers, soldier patients and nurses of this Hospital, some 2,000 now and increasing every week by 100.

This advice is well taken by the entire personnel of the Hospital because they know that a soldier is as "fit as his teeth."

What a productive field there is right at this Hospital for manufacturers of tooth brushes and dentrifrices.

And the best way to reach this field is thru the columns of The Oteen.

TOO FORWARD

At a parade of a company of newly-called-up men, the drill instructor's face turned scarlet with rage as he slated a new recruit for his awkwardness.

"Now, Rafferty," he roared, "you'll spoil the line with those feet. Draw them back at once, man, and get them in line."

Rafferty's dignity was hurt.

"Plaze, sargin," he said, "they're not mine; they're Micky Doolan's in the rear rank!"—*London Answers.*

A NURSE'S TOUCH

"War nurses," said Dr. Alexis Carrel, in an interview on the western front, "differ amazingly in their touch. The touch of one war nurse will be unsympathetic, hard, almost rough, while that of another will be positively soothing."

"A nurse of the former kind was dressing a doughboy's wound one day. The doughboy squirmed and grimaced, and the nurse said to him reproachfully:

"Why, where's your fortitude?"

"Fortitude?" grumbled the doughboy. "I tell you what it is miss—fiftitude or sixtitude couldn't stand your handling."

Peace Exuberance—

Thanksgiving Pie!

Punkin—Cranberry—

V-I-C-T-O-R-Y

Stay right with it? Well, I guess—
Oteen, Oteen! Yes, yes, yes!

Barbee-Clark CIGARS

That's Our Business

Any and Everything for the Smoker

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AUTO  LINE

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A BEVERAGE

THE BEST OF ALL CEREAL BEVERAGES
NOW 15 CENTS PER BOTTLE

WE RAISE THE PRICE, RATHER THAN
LOWER THE QUALITY

ELLIS & BEADLES

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NORTH CAROLINA



WE are handling a good many of the Soldiers' Accounts, and we will Welcome Your Business.



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Prices Reasonable and Service Excellent

BARON BEHEN'S WAYSIDE INN
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Quality Uniforms

*in stock
and
Made-to-measure*

SUPERB tailoring
gives that desired
martial swank and snap
to *Adler-Rochester and
Kirschbaum Uniforms.*

IN STOCK now are
heavy serge and whipcord
uniforms—Overcoats—Sam-
my saks—Sweaters—Gloves
Wool Socks and a complete
line of accessories for the
army man.



*Showing the "Government accepted"
Overseas Service
Coat—Rain-
proof with
detachable
wool
lining.*

I. W. GLASER

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Men's Quality Shop

16 Patton Avenue

VICTORY!

General Hospital No. 19 is as much to be congratulated for our nation's triumph as the armies overseas. The fight was magnificently fought and gloriously won—by bombs and bullets, pathology and "physic."

CENTRAL BANK & TRUST COMPANY
SOUTH PACK SQUARE